

## Fod

### FOD 5141 B2

King Family Visalia, 1941

As I went down to the mowin' field Hoo rye too rye fod-a-link-a-die-do As I went down to the mowin' field Fod! As I went down to the mowin' field A big black snake he got me by the heel Too-oo-rally-day.

I fell down upon the ground Hoo rye too rye fod-a-link-a-die-do I fell down upon the ground Fod! Well I fell down upon the ground Shut both eyes and looked all around Too-oo-rally-day.

Set upon a stump to take my rest Hoo rye too rye fod-a-link-a-die-do Set upon a stump to take my rest Fod! Set upon a stump to take my rest It looked like a woodchuck on his nest Too-oo-rally-day.

The woodchuck grinned a banjo song Hoo-rye too rye fod-a-link-a-die-do The woodchuck grinned a banjo song Fod! The woodchuck grinned a banjo song And up stepped a skunk with his britches on Too-oo-rally-day.

The woodchuck and skunk got into a fight Hoo rye too rye fod-a-link-a-die-do The woodchuck and skunk got into a fight Fod! The woodchuck and skunk got into a fight The fume was so strong it put out the light Too-oo-rally-day.

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They danced and they played till the chimbley 'gan to rust Hoo rye too rye fod-a-link-a-die-do They danced and they played till the chimbley 'gan to rust Fod! They danced and they played till the chimbley 'gan to rust It was hard to tell which smelled the wust Too-rally-day.